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MONASTERY ON MOUNT CARMEL.

CARMEL.

The coast of Palestine is generally low, and monotonous. It is relieved at a point fifteen miles from Cæsarea by the fine headland of Mt. Carmel. This bold promontory runs northwest into the sea, and is indeed a beautiful object in the landscape. Compared with Alpine or Pyrenean scenery its height is insignificant. But as it soars abruptly from the plain in the east and with a curved ridge runs to its slope above the sea, it is impossible not to be struck by its appearance. The lighthouse, and the Monastery of the Carmelites, which stands near it, are dazzling white in the sunshine and add the human feature to a spot sufficiently desolate, while they relieve the dull hues of the rugged west.

To the ancient Hebrew Carmel was a proverb of sublimity in mountain grandeur and woodland beauty. "The Forest of his Carmel" and "the excellency of Carmel" are familiar expressions in Holy Writ. But the axe has wasted the forest to provide fuel for the silk factories of Lebanon, and at its highest point it is only 1,750 feet above the sea, while the light-house and monastery are but 500 feet from high water. The background of Carmel is, however, magnificent; the hills of Lebanon rise tier upon tier, and the valley which lies to the east of the slope is filled with forest trees of various sorts.

This valley is the famous plain of Esdraelon, which is confessedly the battle field of the Holy Land. The two hills of Tabor and Gilboa, which meet our gaze as we look from Carmel toward the Jordan valley, are most interesting for their historical associations. Down the slope of Tabor the army of Barak rushed upon the army of chariots led by Sisera, and pushed the invaders into the raging torrent of the Kishon. The pitchers and lamps of Gideon's little band met the myriad host of the Bedouins in "the day of Midian," just at the foot of Gilboa. More tragic is the connection of "the mountains of Gilboa" with the death of Saul and Jonathan in their battle with the Philistines from the south. Shalmanezer at a later period crossed the plain of Esdraelon on his way to wipe out the kingdom of Israel. In the battle with Pharaoh, good King Josiah perished at the foot of Carmel in the time of Jeremiah. Within this area the last stand was made by the Crusaders, and the result of the conflict practically banished them from Syria. Finally Napoleon vanquished the Turks in the very battle field of Barak, between Tabor and the river Kishon.

In our second illustration we see what the traveller constantly sees, Carmelite monks descending the steep and winding road which leads to their monastery. This monastery is supposed by them to be built on the very spot where the incident so sublimely described in Holy Scripture took place, and fire came down from heaven at the hour of evening sacrifice to wring from the people their confession of faith: "The Lord he is the God; the Lord he is the God." The monks are, however, mistaken, as the event doubtless took place some 1,200 feet higher up the mountain, at a place sixteen miles further inland. This monastery is loved by travellers as a bright and cheerful hospice, and was built fifty years ago by the efforts of a Carmelite monk, and dedicated to the use of his order. The old monastery had been utterly demolished by the Turks.

The view towards Cyprus is interesting on many points. The ancient dwellers in that island were, like those who possessed the northern coast of Syria, Phœnicians. The first western land discovered by the sea-faring Tyrians and Sidonians was the island, which they taught to worship Astarte, although the name soon became changed into the Greek Aphrodite. The excavations of Di Cesnola, and the researches of Rawlinson show to us that Cyprus and Phœnicia had an art, a literature and a religion almost identical.—*Churchman.*

YOUTHFUL PREACHERS.

There seems to have been hardly any great general reformation in the church that has not been led by young men. When a man is young, he thinks to reform the world; but when he gets older, he is quite satisfied if he is able to reform himself.

The deepest reformation that the church or state has ever seen was started by a bold and fearless young man who nailed his ninety-five theses, the first bugle-note of the Reformation, on the door at Wittenberg when he was in his thirty-fourth year. Philip Melancthon entered the University of Heidelberg at twelve, and received his bachelor's degree when but little over fourteen, and at twenty-one was a college professor. The great Erasmus, who studied by moonlight because he was too poor to buy artificial light, and thus became the foremost scholar of his day, wrote of Melancthon at twenty-one, "Christ designs this youth to excel us all; he will totally eclipse Erasmus." John Calvin, according to Scaliger, was the most learned man in all Europe when but twenty-two years old. When he was twenty-five Calvin wrote his immortal "Institutes."

Richard Watson, the eminent Arminian theologian and scholar, entered the ministry when but sixteen, but he did not write out his system until he was much older than was Calvin when he wrote his.

Robert Hall, the most eloquent of preachers, "in whose writings the English language is seen in perfection," was ordained at the age of sixteen; and Pascal, a rare and noble character, whom Catholics and Protestants love to claim, wrote a great work at the same age, and died at thirty-nine. Thomas Chalmers, the leader of the Free Church of Scotland, who used to preach to his boy playmates when but a child, entered St. Andrew's University

DESCENDING MOUNT CARMEL.

when eleven years old, and was licensed to preach when but eighteen. A greater worker than writer, and greater as a man than as either writer or worker was he. Dean Alford, poet, preacher, painter, and musician, one of the most variously accomplished clergymen of his day, was ordained at twenty-three, declined the bishopric of New Zealand when twenty-eight and that of New Brunswick six years later. He began publishing his wonderful Greek New Testament when about forty.

Richard Baxter, another noted author and preacher, of whose first parish it was said that "he found it a desert and left it a garden," was ordained to the ministry at the age of twenty-three, and when but thirty-five published his "Saint's Everlasting Rest," a book that has led many a young man to deeper consecration of himself to God. Tillotson, to whom Dryden was under great literary obligations, was a noted preacher when thirty-one, and became equally noted as an author through the publication of his sermons when he was thirty-four. Philip Doddridge, the youngest of twenty children, whose pious mother taught him the history of the Old and New Testament by means of some old Dutch tiles in the chimney corner, before he could read, was settled as pastor when twenty-two. He wrote a large number of hymns, many of which are standards in the church, and were composed while the author was in his young manhood. His book, "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," written when he was about forty, and at the suggestion of his dearest friend, Dr. Watts, has doubtless been more extensively used as a stimulus to piety than any other work in the English language.

George Fox, who, William Penn says, was "civil beyond all forms of breeding," the son of a poor English weaver, nicknamed "righteous Christer," was a preacher to the poor and churchless masses when but twenty-one. Unconsciously this young man became the founder of the Society of Friends before he was thirty years of age.

Other great religious movements have been born in the warm, energetic hearts of youth. The great Wesleyan revival was in reality a young people's movement. John Wesley, who often had to sleep on bare boards, and frequently woke up in the night thanking God that he had one whole side yet to sleep on, was indeed a most precocious youth. George Whitefield, his co-worker, was the young man who preached to the largest audiences that had ever assembled in Europe or America. Jesse Lee, whose centennial was so recently celebrated in New England, was not thirty when he first organized Methodism in New England. John Summerfield, the most eloquent of all Methodist preachers, a founder of the American Tract Society, did his great work and died at twenty-seven.

Jonathan Edwards, of blessed and precious memory, whose father was pastor of one church more than sixty-three years, used to conduct prayer meetings with his schoolmates in the woods, was a good scholar in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew at thirteen, when he entered Yale. He became pastor before he was nineteen, and when in his twenty-fourth year became pastor of the Congregational church at Northampton, and what a beneficent life followed!

"But a youth," has hundreds of times been heard from lips of members of congregations as they have retired from our churches discussing the preacher. The Metropolitan Tabernacle in London long rejoiced in the ministry of a man of God who began to preach when only sixteen. History is repeating itself. What has been true is true. "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth," said the wise old prophet Jeremiah. Youth, glorious youth, unstained, pure, and hopeful! —*Rev. J. T. Docking, in Golden Rule.*

HIDDEN WORDS.

"Thy word have I hid in mine heart." Psalm 119: 11.

"What is your haste and where are you going, Maud?"

The question was addressed to a flying figure in cloak and hat, evidently equipped for a walk.

"To the Christian Endeavor meeting, auntie."

As though a thought suddenly struck her, Maud retraced her steps, and turning to the table caught up her Bible, and with one eye apparently on a slip of paper that lay between its pages and the other aiding her in rapidly running over the leaves, she turned down the corner of a leaf, and, Bible in hand, left the house.

Just outside she was met by a group of happy-faced young girls, and together they wended their way to the Endeavor meeting.

Auntie continued her sewing, while a silent prayer went up for a blessing on those young disciples of Christ, and that they might have a steadfastness equal to their zeal.

The next morning as Maud was dusting the sitting-room rearranging the table, auntie inquired.

"Did you have a good meeting last night?"

"Very good," was the prompt reply.

"What were you searching your Bible for just before you went out?"

"I was looking for a verse suited to the subject of the evening and turning the leaf down that I might readily find it when I was ready to read."

"What was the verse you selected for the meeting?"

"Well, really, auntie"—and Maud seemed for a moment to bestow unusual care upon the daily paper she was folding—"I can't recall it. I did not memorize it, you see, and as I only read it (as the most of us do), it has slipped from me."

"In that case I fail to see where, in time of thirst and need such as may come to any one, you find your fountain of refreshing. These words of Holy Writ are the purest of the rills that fill the great reservoir of memory. There may come a time when the eye may be too dim to draw from the written Word what the heart thirsts for, or weakness of body may forbid the exertion. Then for the reservoir. Happy he who in youth called in the rills; he may draw from the waters so refreshing, and his heart revives anew.

"How about the Sunday-school, Maud? Do you not keep in memory the Scripture verses accompanying the lesson?"

"Indeed, auntie, we are not required to learn a single verse. We are not even asked to do it."

Auntie turned discouraged from the bright young girl so capable of learning and retaining the most difficult lessons of her daily school, thinking sorrowfully that half of that energy well invested in the Sunday-school lessons would form a capital to yield rich interest for a dark day.

She inwardly gave thanks for the memory of a sainted mother who required of her weekly, when a child, a certain number of Scripture verses for the next week's Sunday-school, so thoroughly committed to memory that, although things of a later date of learning had faded from memory, God's everlasting promises and truths still abide.

David said addressing his Lord, "Thy word have I hid in mine heart." If we then do the same, when comes the time of need the searching for these hidden truths will reveal to us a mine of lasting treasure. Would it not be well for Sunday-school teachers to revive this old fashion, if such it may be called, of requiring the memorizing of Scripture by classes, and especially the one verse that is often called for from each scholar in the "Sunday-school Concert?" Would it not be a greater credit to the children, especially to the young women and men in the school, to repeat that verse than to read it from the open Bible, or with the eye on a slip of paper where the verse is penned?—*American Messenger.*

THE KING'S HOUSEHOLD OF BIBLE READERS.

In the year 1873 a young man, having just finished his college course, sat in the Legislative Hall at Albany listening to the speeches. He was particularly impressed with the power and facility of one speaker, who, without effort, at every turn referred his hearers to his authority, giving page and section, showing great familiarity with his law books. This young man was Edwin H. Bronson, then under appointment as Sunday-school missionary in the State of Connecticut. Said he, "God helping me, I will attain the same degree of familiarity with the sixty-six books which constitute the Bible." Years passed by, largely spent in Bible study. Having in a good degree accomplished the desired end, the thought of helping others to this ready knowledge of the Book took shape in the organization of the King's Household.

It is a week day Bible school, conducted by a secretary through the medium of the mails. It was organized in the city of Philadelphia, October 5, 1885, since which time it has had a marvellous growth, its membership having grown to thousands, scattered in every State and Territory of the Union, Canada, Mexico, and foreign countries.

The aim of the Household is, in short, four-fold. 1. To establish daily contact with the Bible itself. 2. To carefully note everything the Bible has to say in the connection in which it is said. 3. To encourage a systematic grasping of facts. 4. To cultivate the habit of correctly expressing opinions of Bible truth, founded upon recent review of the Bible itself.

The King's Household takes notice of every book, chapter and verse of the Bible in a course of four years reading, together with individual note-making. This is done by dividing the whole work into four parts, as follows. During the first year's reading its history, twenty-two books; second year, its poetry, five books and the numerous poetical quotations and fragments in the Old and New Testaments; third year, its prophecy, eighteen books, including Revelation; and fourth year, its epistolary books, twenty-one in number.

For full particulars address Mrs. E. H. Bronson, Salem, N. J.—*Christian Union.*

THERE SHOULD BE.

There should be a teachers' meeting connected with every Sunday-school. It should, however, not be a debating club, but a meeting for the study of the lesson.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON IX.—FEBRUARY 26, 1893.

READING THE LAW.—Neh. 8: 1-12.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 5, 6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."—Psalm 119: 18.

HOME READINGS.

M. Neh. 5: 1-19.—Grievances Redressed.
T. Neh. 6: 1-19.—The Wall finished.
W. Neh. 8: 1-12.—Reading the Law.
Th. Deut. 6: 1-12.—Bible Study Commanded.
F. John 5: 36-47.—Bible Study Enjoined.
S. Acts 17: 1-14.—Bible Study Commended.
S. Psalm 119: 97-112.—The Law Loved.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Law Read. vs. 1-6.
II. The Words Explained. vs. 7, 8.
III. The People Instructed. vs. 9-12.

TIME.—B.C. 444, the first day of the seventh month, or about the middle of September, a week after the walls were finished; Artaxerxes Longimanus king of Persia; Nehemiah governor of Judah.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, in the open square near the southern gate of the temple.

OPENING WORDS.

While the work of building the walls was in progress, Nehemiah redressed various grievances of the people and lightened their burdens (Neh. 5: 1-19). By his caution and courage he evaded the plots of his enemies (Neh. 6: 1-16), and thwarted the treachery of the nobles (*Neh. 6: 17-19*). After the wall was finished he appointed rulers over Jerusalem, made provision for its defence, and collected contributions for the temple work.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *The water gate*—in the south wall of the temple area. *Ezra the scribe*—called in the next verse the *priest*. He had come to Jerusalem thirteen years before Nehemiah. 2. *All that could hear with understanding*—including certainly the older children. *The seventh month*—the time appointed for the feast of trumpets (Lev. 23: 24; Num. 29: 1). 4. *Pulpit*—"tower," a large, high platform. 5. *Stood up*—in token of respect for the law as the word of God. Judges 3: 20. 7. *Caused the people to understand*—explained it. 8. *Distinctly*—part by part, with such reading as would make it clear. 9. *Tirshatha*—governor. *Holy*—set apart as a time of joy and praise. 10. *Send portions*—that common good cheer might make rejoicing universal.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—With what authority did Nehemiah go to Jerusalem? What grievances did he redress? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE LAW READ. vs. 1-6.—Where were the people gathered? What did they ask Ezra to do? Before whom did Ezra bring the law? How long did Ezra read before them? Who were with him on the platform? What did the people do when he opened the book? How did Ezra begin the service? How did the people respond? What were their further acts of worship?

II. THE WORDS EXPLAINED. vs. 7, 8.—Who assisted Ezra? What did these assistants do? How was this work of instruction conducted? How is the word of God made effectual to salvation?

III. THE PEOPLE INSTRUCTED. vs. 9-12.—How did the words of the law affect the people? How did Nehemiah and Ezra comfort them? What did Ezra say to them? Meaning of *the joy of the Lord is your strength?* What did the people then do?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. The word of God should be given to all the people.
2. Children as well as men and women should be instructed in the Bible.
3. We should be very attentive to the public reading of the Bible.
4. We should read it with thought and prayer.
5. We should try to understand every word of it and lay it up in our hearts.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Who were gathered to hear the reading of the law? Ans. All the people—the men and the women, and the children that could understand.
2. How long did Ezra read? Ans. From daybreak until noonday.
3. How did the Levites aid Ezra? Ans. They read over the law and explained it to the people.
4. How were the people affected by the reading? Ans. They wept because of their transgressions of the law.
5. What comforting words were spoken to them? Ans. Mourn not, nor weep; the joy of the Lord is your strength.

LESSON X.—MARCH 5, 1893.

KEEPING THE SABBATH.—Neh. 13: 15-22.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 17, 18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."—Exod. 20: 8.

HOME READINGS.

M. Exod. 31: 12-18.—The Law of the Sabbath.
T. Neh. 13: 15-22.—Keeping the Sabbath.
W. Isa. 56: 1-12.—The Rewards of the Sabbath.
Th. Isa. 58: 1-14.—The Joy of the Sabbath.
F. Jer. 17: 19-27.—The Desecration of the Sabbath
S. Matt. 12: 1-14.—Jesus and the Sabbath
S. Heb. 4: 1-11.—The Heavenly Sabbath.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Sabbath Profaned. vs. 15, 16.
II. The People Reproved. vs. 17, 18.
III. The Law Enforced. vs. 19-22.

TIME.—Probably about B. C. 427; Artaxerxes Longimanus king of Persia; Nehemiah governor of Judah.

PLACE.—Jerusalem and its vicinity.

OPENING WORDS.

Having restored the national institutions, Nehemiah returned to the Persian court. By degrees the old abuses crept in. After an absence of some years, Nehemiah returned and renewed the work of reform.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

15. *In those days*—after his return to Jerusalem (vs. 6, 7). *Treading winepresses*—making wine and doing other secular work on the Sabbath. *I testified . . . in the day*—warned and rebuked them while engaged in the very act. 17. *Contended*—rebuked and gave the reasons. *Nobles*—the chief men. 18. *Did not your fathers thus*—such Sabbath desecration by their fathers had brought upon the people and city the miseries of their former exile. *Ye bring more wrath*—even greater punishment. 19. *Began to be dark*—the Jewish Sabbath began at sunset. *Till after the Sabbath*—after sunset on the Sabbath day. 22. *The Levites*—a change is now made. Before, the servants of Nehemiah had kept the gates. The duty is now assigned to the Levites. *Cleanse themselves*—purify themselves ceremonially, as for a holy service.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How long did Nehemiah remain in Jerusalem? Where did he then go? What did he find on his return? What did he do? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE SABBATH PROFANED. vs. 15, 16.—What did Nehemiah see some in Judah doing? How did others profane the Sabbath? How did the Jews partake of this sin? Which is the fourth commandment? What is required in the fourth commandment?

II. THE PEOPLE REPROVED. vs. 17, 18.—Whom did Nehemiah reprove? What did he say to the nobles of Judah? Of what did he remind them? What would be the effect if they continued in this sin? Is Sabbath observance binding on us? How is the Sabbath to be sanctified?

III. THE LAW ENFORCED. vs. 19-22.—What did Nehemiah do to enforce the law of the Sabbath? What was the consequence of this? What did Nehemiah threaten to do then? What effect had this threat? Whom did he command to keep the gates on the Sabbath? With what prayer of Nehemiah does the lesson close? What is forbidden in the fourth commandment?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Wicked men wish to break down the Sabbath.
2. There should be enforced laws as well as public protests against Sabbath breaking.
3. The law of the land is binding on the stranger who sojourns in it.
4. The laws of the country must be kept in spite of all from without who would break them down.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What did Nehemiah see in Judah? Ans. He saw the Sabbath profaned by wine-making and harvesting, and by buying and selling in Jerusalem.
2. What did he do? Ans. He testified against those who bought and sold, and reproved the nobles.
3. What commandment did he give? Ans. He commanded that the gates should be shut and no burden be brought into the city on the Sabbath.
4. What did he do when the merchants and sellers came and lodged outside the city? Ans. He threatened them with punishment and caused the law to be enforced.
5. With what prayer of Nehemiah does the lesson close? Ans. Remember me, O my God, concerning this also, and spare me according to the greatness of thy mercy.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

NERVOUS WOMEN AND HEADACHES.

BY LAURY MACHENRY, M.D.

The headache to which an anæmic, nervous woman is subject, arises from entirely different causes from that of her fleshy, full-blooded sister. It comes from functional disarrangement, to be sure, but where in the one case the machinery is clogged up and retarded by an accumulation of extraneous matter, in the other the functional inactivity is simply because of insufficient force, power or strength to keep up the necessary work.

The remedy is difficult because it depends so much upon the will and determination of the woman herself, but it is easy and sure when we can bring the patient to an understanding of her case.

Briefly: Take things easier.

Do not fret. Do what you can, and do not worry about the work left undone.

Control your temper and your tongue.

Avoid worrying, and fault-finding.

Sleep more than you do. Take your sleep the first part of the night.

Of course you will say: "Where is the use in retiring early when I just lie there awake." Simply another matter of habit, and one easily overcome.

In the matter of eating and nourishment, do not stint yourself in any way. Eat what you like, whatever agrees with you, but eat slowly, masticate your food thoroughly, and depend entirely upon nature to furnish all the fluid that is necessary for mastication.

As for medicine, in all probability you need a tonic; tincture of iron, five drops in a wineglassful of water three times each day, for three days; then omit it for three days. It is a bad plan to take any preparation of iron steadily.

Always alternate, say, three days of medicine with three days of no medicine. Your system may not take kindly to iron; once in a while we meet with a person who cannot take it in any form. You can readily tell, however, by a dull pain which comes just over the eyes. The pain comes when one continues the use of iron too long, or takes it in too large doses, and readily disappears on reducing the dose, or perhaps stopping its use entirely. An infusion tea, of wild cherry bark in water, is an old-fashioned, but valuable and safe tonic. Make it strong, until it is bitter and "puckery." Take a wineglassful twice a day.

You may consider the treatment I am advising as too radical—too thorough. You may think that there ought to be a quick way to a cure for a simple headache, but do not deceive yourself. There are means of speedy relief, but the cure I want you to make is thorough, complete and lasting, and, like all things well done, requires patience.

Do you know what that narrow chest of yours indicates? It means that you are only half living. It means that you are not well balanced. Your brain and nerve machinery are working away at full speed, probably with abnormal activity, and you are breathing with half your lung power.

Every morning on rising bathe the throat, chest, shoulders and arms. Commence with tepid water and each morning use it a little cooler until in a month you can use cold water on the coldest morning in winter. Put a teaspoonful of alcohol or cologne in the water, and after the bathing rub yourself with a coarse towel until you are nearly out of breath with the exercise.

Now to sum up: The radical, permanent cure for sick headache in weak, nervous women must combine the following:

A general toning up of the system.

Regularity of habits.

Plenty of sleep at the right time.

A powerful exercise of the will to keep up a cheerful, quiet, easy frame of mind.

There is another headache which comes from unusual exhaustion, and is terribly acute. It is the headache of the brain worker.

It can always be stopped, however, by a good night's sleep.

Then, too, we have the traveller's headache; even this may be avoided.

First, do not work yourself up into a nervous frenzy of hurry by trying to do a thousand and one things, and then rush to catch a train.

Do not worry all the way to the station about things you have left undone.

Do not go too long without eating; when your regular lunch time or dinner time or tea time comes, eat something, if it be only a cracker.

An excellent plan is take a few raisins in your pocket and eat them when you feel tired or relaxed? Raisins are peculiar, and while I would not advise you to eat many on ordinary occasions—they are indigestible—still they will give an empty stomach plenty of work, and their stimulant effect upon a tired, exhausted person is quick, effective and pronounced.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

THE NEED OF SLEEP.

Children dislike to go to bed early, and when we put ourselves in their places and view the matter from their standpoint, we find that there is every reason why they should. In summer the long twilight is just begun. The dewy freshness and coolness after the heat of the day make active exercise delightful and games possible which could not be thought of at noon. Who wants to be torn from these pleasures and put between the sheets in a warm room with the windows shaded? In winter the evening is the cosiest time in the twenty-four hours. Tea, or dinner, is over, the lamps are bright, the fire shines, the elders have put away the cares of to-day and those of to-morrow are still in the distance. The sitting-room seems much more desirable to the children than the quiet bedroom, where there is nothing to do but to go to sleep. Seen through their eyes "Early to bed" is a command more honored in the breach than in the observance.

The mother who does not like to see her child's wishes crossed says: "Is it really necessary that they should go to bed so early, poor little things. I remember how I used to hate to go to bed. Why cannot they sit up a little while longer?" and yields.

No mother, certainly none of the mothers who gather in the "Mothers' Corner," would wilfully deprive her children of food. She knows that they must have material, and plenty of it, from which to develop bone and muscle, nerves and blood. She would shrink with horror from the thought of starving her children. If she cuts short their allowance of sleep she is doing them almost as great an injury, although the effects are not as immediately visible.

The body is a delicate machine. All its parts are adjusted with the greatest nicety, and a derangement of one affects the whole. We cannot stop this complicated mechanism for repairs, because we do not know the secret that would set it going again. The repairs must be made while it is in motion. What happens in sleep? The machine goes slowly; the pressure is lowered, as it were. The heart beats less rapidly; the blood circulates less quickly; in a measure the nerves rest. They are no longer called upon to carry the thousand messages that occupy them so wisely by day to and from the brain. The muscles are relaxed, there is no tension in any part; each is gaining vigor in the only way it can, by rest. Taking all this for granted—for no one denies it—how does it affect the question of children going to bed early?

Young people require more sleep than adults, and they need it until they have attained their full growth. Their tissues, not being fully matured, cannot bear so great a strain as those of their elders. They must be longer in a state of relaxation and have more time to recuperate. This can only be attained by more sleep, and to get this they must be in bed early. There is an old superstition that the sleep before midnight is more refreshing than that had nearer morning. This may have arisen from the fact that persons who go to bed at a reasonable time are not so exhausted as those who sit up until the small hours, and so feel more refreshed when they awake. When persons are over-tired sleep does not do them so much good, because a moderate amount does not give them time to rest sufficiently.

Children, until they are twelve or thirteen years old, should have at least ten hours sleep, eleven is better; until eighteen or nineteen, nine hours is none too much. In this country our children inherit nervous temperaments. No hygienic measure soothes, quiets and strengthens the nerves like plenty of sleep. Children should never be wakened in the morning. Yet the demands of household convenience and the claims of school make it necessary that they should be out of bed at a certain hour, usually not later than seven. To make this possible, and give them their fair share of sleep so that they will be ready to awake of their own accord, they must be in bed between eight and ten, according to their ages. If bedtime is made pleasant to them, as mother-love can make it, with a story, a little talk over the events of the day, with loving words and ministrations, the hardship of banishment to bed will be robbed of most of its bitterness.—*Elizabeth Robinson Scovil.*

GRANDPARENTS.

Judged from the stand-point of the average child, there is nobody so delightful as the average grandparent. Grandfathers are the jolliest of playfellows, the most charming of companions. Fathers are apt to be absorbed in business, with little time to devote to the amusement of their boys and girls, but grandfathers are no longer in the midst of the conflict: they can potter about, help in making kites and building boats, tell stories by the hour together; they can sympathize with "a fellow" in his daily trials and triumphs. A grandfather is very much nearer a boy of five or ten years old than the boy's father is apt to be. He looks through older yet more childlike eyes, and appreciates the boy's difficulties and temptations more readily and more truly than the younger man does. It almost seems at times as if a man must be a grandfather before he entirely enters into the fulness of fatherhood.

As for grandmothers, no family is complete that lacks one. A grandmother over the way, in the next street, in the next town, is a blessing, but a grandmother resident in the family is a gift for which to thank God fervently. Who else so tender, so sweet, so dear? To her quiet room young and old bring their perplexities, to the patient wisdom and the ready commonsense which explain whatever was baffling, and devise a way into freedom from care. Grandmother's chair is moved into the sunniest corner of the kitchen when grave household enterprises are afoot. It is her receipt by which the wedding-cake is compounded for the bride, and the mince-meat prepared for the winter's supply.

Grandmother always has court-plaster and witch-hazel and arnica and toothache drops in the little cabinet in her room. She can spread poultices and bind up wounds, and her sweet words and smiles go as far toward healing bruises as her material remedies do.

Grandparents are accused by their sons and daughters, with a fair show of reason, of being decidedly more lenient with juvenile offenders, less sternly disposed toward discipline, than they were to their children in an earlier day. They would spoil the grandchildren if allowed, declare the fathers and mothers, serenely confident in their own discretion, and quite sure they are right in their sternly repressive methods.

Never mind. The wheel of time in its ceaseless revolution is bringing on the day when the man who now laughingly reproves his parents for their fancied weakness will himself stand in awed pleasure gazing into the round eyes of the second generation, and feeling himself the founder of a line. Then it will be his turn to emulate the grandparent, as the grandparent has been from the beginning.—*From Harper's Bazar.*

THOUGHTS ON ECONOMY.

Domestic economy can become domestic meanness without a very hard struggle. The barrier between meritorious saving and scrimping is so slight that many a thrifty housewife really does not know the difference. This very praiseworthy quality, if not carried to extremes, will result in a well-conducted household, where there is no waste or unnecessary expenditure to replace articles destroyed through carelessness. Such a home is typical of thrift, and is symbolical of true economy.

But—and alas, that there should be so many that "but" applies to—look at the home where the parlor is kept stiff and prim for company. Every stick of furniture in it is much too elegant for the rest of the household belongings. The plush draperies are covered with linen lest dust should accumulate, the brocatelles and brasses are similarly shrouded, and only on state occasions are the members of the family permitted to wander through "the best room."

When this rare privilege is granted, is not the worried owner of all this finery almost distracted for fear something will happen to her treasures? She has bought beyond her means and hopes by over-zealous care to make these trappings of woe, for such they are to her, wear long enough to atone for the reckless outlay. Is there any economy in such proceedings? She does not get five cents' worth of comfort out of them, and has mental worry in such great doses that hundreds of dollars will not be able to pay for the treatment needed to get herself back once more to a healthy mental basis.

Then there is the skimping of the table that some wives think a species of true economy. The husband allows them so much to "run the house," and when he is away they live on bread and coffee, or tea and cake, and think the money thus saved will compensate for the injury done to their digestion. It is to be regretted that there are men who humor their wives by eating any left-over mess at night because they have lunched heartily down town and do not mind so very much if she doesn't, never dreaming that this may be her first real meal, and as such a very poor apology, yet so long as the figures in her bank book loom up higher and higher she does not mind that her own figure grows thinner and thinner.

Ah, little saving housewives, learn the lesson at the beginning rather than at the end. There is no economy in doing without a servant in order to put away the money for a new gown. You will be too tired to wear it. There is no economy in shutting up the best part of your house and keeping your dear ones in gloomy rooms because the others must be kept in readiness for company. What more honored guest could you entertain than husband and children? Do not skimp the body to fatten the bank book. Doctor's bills run up more quickly than those of butcher or baker. Remember this, and be a wise little woman, practising true domestic economy in real saving, but not by bringing discomfort to yourself and your dear ones by a foolish system of pinching and contriving that will wear you out body and soul.—*Jenness Miller Monthly.*

FOR INKY FINGERS.

A little girl I know has made a wonderful discovery, which she thinks all other little school boys and girls should know too.

"It's so useful, mamma," she says. "Every boy and girl gets ink on their fingers, you know."

"Surely they do, and on their clothes as well," said her mother.

"I can't get the spots out of my clothes, but I'm sorry when they get there," responded the little girl. "I try very hard not to. But I can get the ink spots off my fingers. See!"

She dipped her fingers into water, and while they were wet she took a match out of the match safe, and rubbed the sulphur end well over every ink spot. One after another she rubbed, and one after another the spots disappeared, leaving a row of white fingers where had been a row of inky black ones.

"There!" said the little girl, after she had finished. "Isn't that good? I read that in a housekeeping paper, and I never know they were any good before. I clean my fingers that way every morning now. It's just splendid!"

So some other school girls and boys might try Alice's cure for inky fingers.—*Harper's Young People.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

GLASS ICING.—Take one cup of light brown sugar and two spoonfuls of water, a very small spoonful of butter and a few drops of lemon extract. Boil eight minutes, and pour over the cake while hot, spreading it evenly.

COMPOTE OF APPLES.—Pare and core twelve tart apples, leaving them whole. Fill up the cavities with currant and quince jelly, add two teacupfuls of sugar, two of water and the grated rind of a lemon. Cover close and cook slowly until the apples are tender enough to be pierced with a fork, but are not broken; remove them carefully to a glass dish, boil the syrup to a jelly and pour over them. Serve cold.

The Family Circle.

THE REFORMER.

All grim and soiled and brown with tan,
I saw a Strong One in his wrath,
Smiting the godless shrine of man
Along his path.

The Church, beneath her trembling dome,
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm;
Wealth shook within his gilded home
With strange alarm.

Fraud from his secret chambers fled
Before the sunlight bursting in;
Sloth drew her pillow o'er her head
To drown the din.

"Spare," Art implored, "yon holy pile;
That grand old time-worn turret spare,"
Meek Reverence, kneeling in the aisle,
Cried out, "Forbear!"

Gray-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind,
Groped for his old accustomed stone,
Leaned on his staff, and wept to find
His seat o'erthrown.

Young Romance raised his dreamy eyes,
O'erhung with palely locks of gold—
"Why smite," he asked in sad surprise,
"The fair, the old?"

Yet louder rang the Strong One's stroke,
Yet nearer flashed his ax' gleam.
Shuddering and sick of heart I woke,
As from a dream.

I looked: aside the dust cloud rolled—
The Waster seemed the Builder, too;
Up-springing from the ruined Old
I saw the New.

'Twas but the ruin of the bad—
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared;
The frown which awed me passed away,
And left behind a smile which cheered
Like breaking day.

Grown wiser for the lesson given,
I fear no longer, for I know
That where the share is deepest driven
The best fruits grow.

The outworn rite, the old abuse,
The pious fraud transparent grown,
The good held captive in the use
Of wrong alone—

These wait their doom, from that great law
Which makes the past time serve to-day;
And fresher life the world shall draw
From their decay.

God works in all things; all obey
His first propulsion from the night.
Wake thou and watch! the world is gray
With morning light.

J. G. WHITTIER.

UP IN GRANDMOTHER'S ATTIC.

(From the Youth's Companion.)

Nowadays a roomy attic is a luxury with which houses are seldom provided; but our grandfathers built their homes with much consideration for their ample store-house under the rafters, which made so delightful a rainy day playground for the boys and girls.

A good deal of space was given to these high-peaked rooms which, in the opinion of modern builders, belongs to the rooms below. Be the practical question as it may, it is rare good luck if one can get a peep into one of these old-fashioned receptacles of the household gods of a former generation; for if the attic has not been pillaged by collectors, most of the old articles are still resting there, hanging from wooden pegs driven into the timbers of the roof, or tucked snugly away under the eaves.

I shall bring out some of these things, and brush the dust from them for the benefit of present-day readers.

We shall need a light to explore the dark corners of our attic; so let us strike one with this ancient tinder-wheel, and light that whale-oil lamp over there on the shelf.

TINDER-WHEEL.

Into the end of the tin box nearest the wheel was placed the tinder, a bit of tow, or other substance easily ignited. The wheel was made to revolve rapidly by pulling on a string wound around the shaft, as a boy spins his top. The wheel, rubbing against a piece of flint, sent a shower of sparks into the dry tinder, which quickly sprang into a blaze; and thus a fire was obtained.

OIL LAMP.

The lamp was filled with whale-oil, and had two small, round wicks which emerged through two small tubes. There was no chimney or shade, but undoubtedly a good deal of smoke.

If we need more illumination we can light another lamp, which was used at a somewhat later period. This had a broad piece of cloth for a wick, whose flame sputtered merrily beneath a gaily-painted shade. This great grandfather of our electric light had no chimney, and was filled with lard.

The old-fashioned candlesticks, made of brass or iron, are quite familiar objects, even at the present time. The candles used in them were of tallow, and were made in two ways.

The tallow dip was the most ancient and well-known illuminating contrivance in this country. It was made after this fashion: a great many round, slender sticks, each from ten to fifteen inches long, were provided, and upon each stick, about an inch apart, were hung cotton wicks as long as a candle. All these sticks were then hung between two long parallel bars or poles placed on chairs, each end of the stick resting upon one of the poles.

Then a large kettle of melted tallow was provided, and placed by the side of the poles. The "dipper" then began to plunge the wicks into this hot tallow, beginning at one end of his poles and returning each dripping stickful of wicks to its place on the poles as soon as he had dipped it.

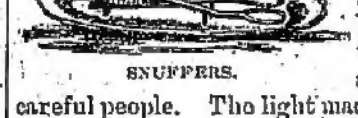
By the time he had gone the length of his poles, the tallow adhering to the first stick of wicks had hardened sufficiently to be dipped again. It was again plunged, and the round once more gone through. The process was repeated until, upon each of all the wicks, a candle of sufficient size was formed.

A single evening, in a cold room, would suffice for the making of two hundred candles.

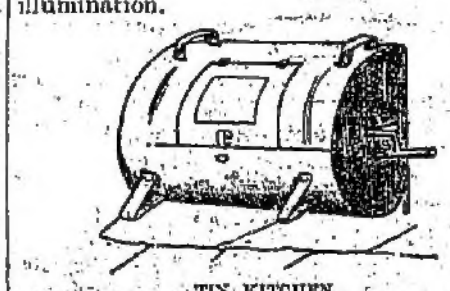
Later came the tin candle-moulds—upright tubes, in bunches, with top and base to hold them perfectly even. A wick was suspended in each of these tubes, generally held in place by nails across the top; and melted tallow was poured in around them.

CANDLE-MOULD.

A pair of brass or iron "snuffers" in a tray was a necessary accompaniment to a candle, to remove the burned portion of the wick. Sometimes men and boys grew very expert in snuffing candles with their fingers; but this method was not approved by careful people. The light made by a tallow candle seems rather meagre to us; but it must be remembered that the huge old fireplace was the source of a very considerable illumination.



SNUFFERS.



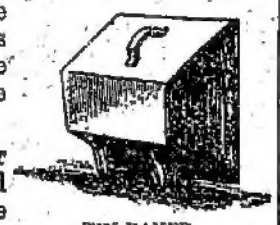
TIN KITCHEN.

Speaking of the open fire brings to mind our grandmothers' manner of cooking. Here is the old "tin kitchen" in which the goose was cooked for Christmas. It is a square structure of tin, movable, and open on the side kept toward the fire. It has a door at the back, through which the condition of the fowl or meat can be noted from time to time.

A spit of iron runs through the centre, upon which the fowl is impaled. This spit terminates in a crank at one end, which, being turned, allows all sides of the roast to cook evenly.

All kinds of meat were roasted in this way, being basted from the door at the back whenever necessary.

The tin "baker" was more simple in its construction, and was used in baking bread, "johnny-cakes," cookies, cake and such food. The dough to be cooked was set at a slant in the baker, which was then placed before the fire on the hearth.



TIN BAKER.

Bread and other food was also cooked in a contrivance called a Dutch oven. This was simply a pan with legs of iron, and an iron cover. This oven was placed on the hearth over a bed of coals, and coals were also heaped upon the cover, after the articles to be cooked had been placed within.

Brown bread, beans and pies were cooked in brick ovens, which were first thoroughly heated by building a roaring fire in them. When the bricks had been made red hot the coals were drawn out, the week's baking put in, and the big iron door closed.

These brick ovens were usually built into one end of the great fireplace. The other end was frequently occupied in the evening by the small boy of the family who, seated upon low stool, laboriously endeavored by the aid of pencil, slate and "'rithmetic," to find out how eight small apples could be divided equally among nine very hungry boys.

DUTCH OVEN.

Much of the housewife's time in winter was spent in transforming the wool as it came from the backs of the sheep into yarn or cloth. The wool was first washed, then carded to get it into long, slender rolls for spinning. The cards used looked much like the cattle-cards of the present day, except that they were larger and had very fine teeth.

FLAX-COMB.

Flax was prepared for spinning on the flax-comb—a piece of wood which had many sharp nails driven through it. Across the points of these the flax was drawn, leaving the fibres all lying in one direction.

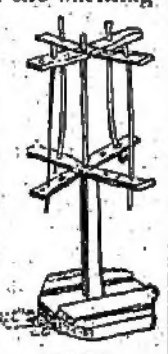
The spinning-wheel and the smaller flax-wheel have become quite familiar to modern eyes; flax-wheels, in particular, being regarded by some as suitable things for parlor adornment; though they are really, in such a situation, an absurd affectation of rusticity.

When the flax or wool had been spun, it was "reeled" off the spindle of the wheel upon a hand-reel, and thus made into skeins. When it was desired to wind these into balls for knitting, or upon shuttles for weaving, the skeins were placed upon a swift, or "swifts," as this article was commonly called. It consisted of an upright standard, upon which was a revolving frame, fitted with movable uprights to accommodate large or small skeins. From the swift the yarn was wound by hand.

HAND-REEL.

The hand-looms on which the wool and flax were woven into cloth may still be seen in operation in some remote places.

Behind an old chest in the attic we shall find two curious articles that were connected with the personal comfort of the household—a warming-pan and a foot-stove. Into the round brass basin of the warming-pan were placed live coals from the hearth, and the cover was closed over them. Grasping the handle, the housewife slipped the pan deftly between the sheets, and passing it rapidly about from head to foot, soon had the beds in each cold room made agreeably warm to creep into.

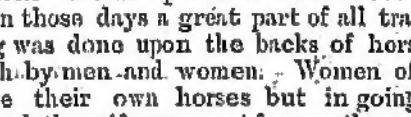


SWIFTS.

The foot-stove was a necessary companion during church services in cold weather. The "meeting-houses" of those days had no stoves or other means of raising their frigid temperature. These foot-stoves, filled with coals before starting, went regularly to church with the family.

In the attic, near the warming-pan and foot-stove, stands a little old shoemaker's bench, with a block of pegs. These pegs had to be split off, one at a time, by hand. The shoemaker in those days was an itinerant, going from house to house once each year, and doing the shoemaking and mending for the family.

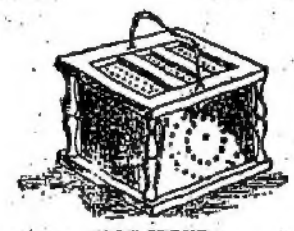
The tailoress also made yearly visits, and nimbly plied her needle and scissors in the manufacture of trousers, jackets, "round-abouts" and gowns.



WARMING-PAN.

Tradition says that boys were often "fitted" by laying the boy smoothly out upon the cloth, and more or less deftly chalking a line around him. Be that as it may, the appearance of the clothing when finished would give color to this theory.

The boys and their sisters, when very young, were rocked in cradles which must have been intended to accustom them to the bumps and jars of later life. Here is one of them in this far corner of the attic, evidently home-made, as were most of the articles used in those days.



FOOT-STOVE.

Hanging above the cradle from a stout wooden peg in the rafter, is an old saddle provided with a pillion or cushion at the back for a woman, on which the head of the family and his wife rode horseback to church—the wife perched behind her lord.

In those days a great part of all travelling was done upon the backs of horses; both by men and women. Women often rode their own horses but in going to church the wife was most frequently seated upon the pillion.

On such occasions the men wore swallow-tailed coats, with high, rolling collar, the top of which was about level with the tops of their ears. The good dame's head was adorned with a "calash," which was a kind of telescopic sun-bonnet, which was extended by pulling on a string inserted in the folds.

What a queer figure this old bonnet would cut beside one of the dainty little head adornments of to-day! It would be as an eagle beside a humming-bird.

I will venture to say, however, that it lasted longer and cost less than its modern successor; and when the next spring came round, there it was all ready to put on, "stylish" and complete, as if it were new! For in those days fashions changed slowly.

After all, many of the old-fashioned modes have much to recommend them. If we have not the courage to introduce them into our nineteenth century homes, at least we can spare them a roomy corner in the attics of our memory.—*Webb Donnell.*

HOW SHE SENT.

A young lady dedicated herself to the Lord and expected to go to the perishing women of China, when suddenly she injured her hip and became lame, thus unfitting herself for field work. In great sorrow she went to the Lord, and one stormy night it seemed as though a voice said to her "send others." She said "Oh Lord, how? I have no money." Then came the answer, "work for it," and she began printing little books by hand, selling them at five cents and as she attended the meetings at Ocean Grove, several ladies bought of her, and one told a friend of her desire and work. This friend suggested making little book marks of ribbon with a verse of Scripture. They were sold quickly and the result is: One missionary and two Bible readers in the field. Thus she has been enabled to more than fill her place in the foreign field.—*Record of Christian Work.*

A PARSI MERCHANT OF BOMBAY.

THE PARSIS.

Malabar hill in Bombay, India, an elevated point of land making out into the sea, affords one of the most charming views that can anywhere be found. On the top of this hill, made specially beautiful by gardens, may be seen a strange building called "The Tower of Silence," a bird's-eye view of which our cut shows. The walls of the building are of granite, about twenty-five feet high, and the huge structure has no windows and but one small door. As you will see, it is open to the sky. It is the place to which the Parsis bring the dead bodies of their friends and there leave them.

And who are the Parsis? They are the descendants of the ancient fire-worshippers of Persia who fled to India about the year 720 A.D., when their country was conquered by the Mohammedan Arabs. They form a distinct though not very numerous class of people. By the last census there were 85,000 of them in India, 73,000 of whom were living within the Bombay Presidency. They are an intelligent and well-to-do class, much in advance of the Hindus about them. They are fire worshippers, though one of their members claims, "We do not worship the fire or the sun, we worship Him of whom they are the type." But another Parsi says that in his childhood he did worship the sun, and that should one watch the Parsis of Bombay at sunset he would see them bowing down to it, and would feel sure they were worshipping the sun.

Their sacred book is the Zend Avesta and their prophet is Zoroaster, who is supposed to have been born in the twelfth century The Parsis are money-getters preeminently; they are engaged largely in trade, and many of them are successful and rich. Of the Zend Avesta, Sir Monier Williams says: "It is a jumble of a few sublime thoughts mixed up with an overwhelming mass of superstitious ideas expressed in the most obscure and corrupt form of language."

Among the singular customs prevalent among these people one concerns their very birth. A Parsi must be born on the ground floor of a house, since he ought to commence life in humility and advance upward as he grows older. They are greatly given to ablutions, chiefly with the idea of keeping off the evil spirits. At the age of seven years a young Parsi is subjected to a religious ceremony, during which he is bound with a cord or girdle, made up of seventy-two threads, after which he is supposed to be morally accountable. One noticeable point, quite contrary to the practice of all other classes in India, is the custom among the Parsis of permitting the girls to go through the same ceremonies, and to visit the temples and recite the same prayers as do the boys. They are said to be the only class of people in the world who do not use, in one form or another, tobacco, or some similiar noxious weed. This does not appear to be from any high principle, but chiefly on account of cleanliness.

The Parsis are much given to feasting, their feast days being numerous and marked by much eating and merrymaking. The religious ceremonies which accompany these feasts have been thus described: "A number of priests assemble in one of the rooms of a fire temple, bringing a portable fire vessel which is placed on the ground, with offerings of fruit, flowers, and wine. Two priests attend to the sacred fire, while the others sit around and repeat prayers, praises, and thanksgivings conjointly. Laymen also attend, but each repeats his own prayers separately. The fruit and wine are then shared by all present."

The most peculiar of the Parsi customs are those connected with the disposition of their dead. At the time of death the hands and feet are tied, and the body dressed in white clothes. A dog is then brought in, which by his keen scent is supposed to drive away evil spirits. Priests in attendance are praying for the soul of the departed. Inasmuch as no Parsi may touch a dead body, attendants deliver it to four pall-bearers, who are dressed in spotless white. A procession of priests and relatives then moves toward the Towers of Silence. After ceremonies and prayers before the door, the bearers alone enter, laying the corpse upon the stone floor, and then retire. All round the place may be seen at any time a swarm of vultures, watching their opportunity, and the moment the bearers have withdrawn, these vultures swoop down upon the dead body, and in a few moments nothing is left but the bones, clean and bare. The Parsis deem this method of disposing of their dead, so hideous to us, as preferable to burial in the ground.

The Parsi priests are very illiterate, not understanding the prayers they say or the portions of their sacred book which they repeat. But these people are becoming much more intelligent through their contact with the English. Only a few of them have become Christians. Yet one of them who did become a Christian said not long since: "As a Parsi I gave alms, I burned sandalwood, I said prayers, I attended ceremonies, but I had no peace in my heart. But from the hour I gave myself to Christ I have been full of joy, and my joy grows greater every day." The chief reason why so few of them have accepted Christ, doubtless, is the fact that they dread the persecution which would surely follow. One of them said to a missionary, "It would be a matter of leaving my people. My parents are old: my father is favorable to Christianity but my poor mother hates it, and it would grieve me to go against their wishes. But I do love Jesus very much, and I mean to fight under his banner as long as I live." "But," said the missionary, "you have not the colors or the armor of the Captain you serve under. How will the world know and how are Christians to know on whose side you are?" Doubtless this Parsi knew what his duty was, but he was not ready to do it.

Our picture of a Parsi merchant shows a fine-looking, intelligent man of Bombay. His sadara or sacred shirt, is covered by his long coat, and the sacred cord is not visible, but he doubtless has it on. His head-dress is peculiar, and its fashion is unchangeable. You will notice that the cap has no rim and that it retreats from the forehead backward. It would be deemed disrespectful for this man to take off his cap in the presence of an equal or a superior. Cotton is the material used for garments by the common classes, but the rich indulge in silks and more costly goods.

Among the religious precepts of the Parsis are many that relate to benevolence, and they are very liberal among their own people. It is said that in the city of Bombay alone they have no less than thirty-two different charitable institutions. Many of their prominent men have been quite friendly toward our missionaries, though not accepting the gospel of Jesus Christ.—*Missionary Herald.*

GIVING.

I have just met with an anecdote about giving which may make it a little easier for some people who have money, to give it without having much fuss made over the method of getting it. I think it is quite to the point and worth repeating.

There was once more need of money, and the pastor, upon whom too often falls the duty of soliciting it, wended his way to the office of one of his well-to-do parishioners,—a merchant,—to see what he could get from him.

No doubt the man, being known to have money to spare, had often been visited for a similar purpose, and seeing the minister coming and divining his object, felt a little nettled, as even good men will be now and then, at the prospect of being forced to part with more of his hard-earned cash.

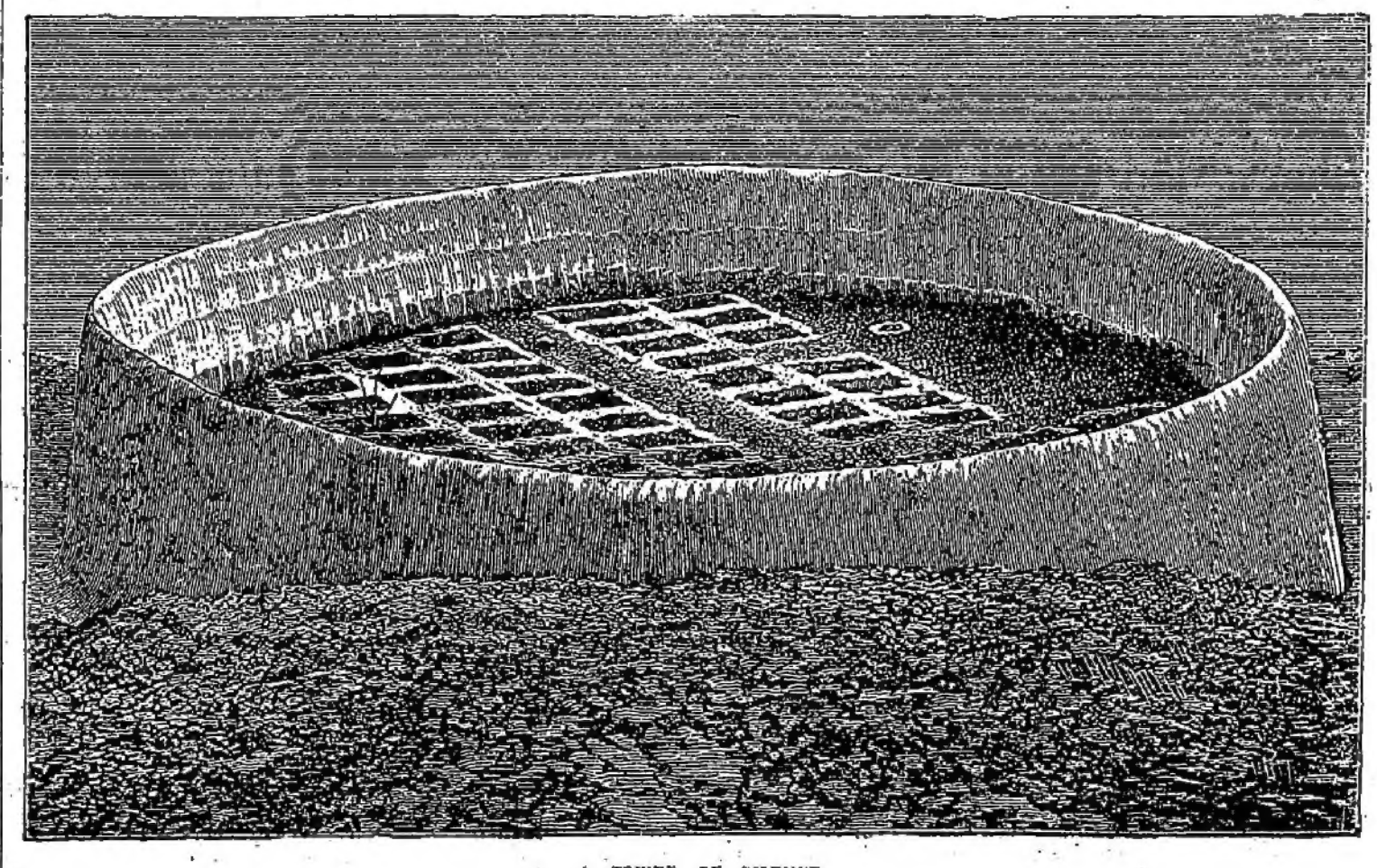
So as the minister entered his office he was greeted in this wise: "Well, I suppose you are out to-day on a begging tour again!"

"Why, no," said the minister, "I am not a beggar to-day. I am the collector. I have information that my Master has money in your hands. He needs some of it to-day, and I have been sent to collect it for him."

"You are mistaken," said the merchant, with a faint smile, "I have nothing for you."

"Very well," replied the minister; "then I will report that to my Master," and departed.

It is added, that next day the merchant sent the minister-collector a cheque for a hundred dollars.—*Christian Intelligencer.*



A TOWER OF SILENCE.

I WILL BE WORTHY OF IT.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I may not reach the heights I seek,
My untried strength may fail me;
Or, half way up the mountain peak,
Fierce tempests may assail me.
But though that place I never gain,
Herein lies comfort for my pain—
I will be worthy of it.

I may not triumph in success,
Despite my earnest labor;
I may not grasp results that bless
The efforts of my neighbor.
But though my goal I never see,
This thought shall always dwell with me:
I will be worthy of it.

The golden glory of love's light
May never fall on my way;
My path may always lead through night,
Like some deserted by-way.
But though life's dearest joy I miss,
There lies a nameless joy in this:
I will be worthy of it.

TIMOTHY'S QUEST.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

SCENE X.

The Supper Table.

AUNT HITTY COMES TO "MAKE OVER," AND SUPPLIES BACK NUMBERS TO ALL THE VILLAGE HISTORIES.

Aunt Hitty, otherwise Mrs. Silas Tarbox, was as cheery and loquacious a person as you could find in a Sabbath day's journey. She was armed with a substantial amount of knowledge at almost every conceivable point; but if an unexpected emergency ever did arise, her imagination was equal to the strain put upon it and rose superior to the occasion. Yet of an evening, or on Sunday, she was no village gossip; it was only when you put a needle in her hand or a cutting-board in her lap that her memory started on its interminable journeyings through the fields of the past. She knew every biography and every "ought-to-be-ography" in the county, and could tell you the branches of every genealogical tree in the village.

It was dusk at the White Farm, and a late supper was spread upon the hospitable board. (Aunt Hitty was always sure of a bountiful repast. If one were going to economize, one would not choose for that purpose the day when the village seamstress came to sew; especially when the aforesaid lady served the community in the stead of a local newspaper.)

The children had eaten their bread and milk, and were out in the barn with Jabe, watching the milking. Aunt Hitty was in a cheerful mood as she reflected on her day's achievements. Out of Dr. Jonathan Cummins' old cape coat she had carved a pair of brief trousers and a vest for Timothy; out of Mrs. Jonathan Cummin's waterproof a serviceable jacket; and out of Deacon Abijah Cummins' linen duster an additional coat and vest for warm days. The owners of these garments had been dead many years, but nothing was ever thrown away (and, for that matter, very little given away) at the White Farm, and the ancient habiliments had finally been diverted to a useful purpose.

"I hope I shall relish my vittles to-night," said Aunt Hitty, as she poured her tea into her saucer, and set the cup in her little blue "cup-plate;" "but I've had the neuralgy so in my face that it's be'n more'n ten days sence I've be'n able to carry a knife to my mouth. . . . Your meat vittles is always so tasty, Miss Cumming. I was sayin' to Mis' Sawyer last week I think she lets her beef hang too long. Its dretful tender, but I don't b'lieve its hullsome. For my part, as I've many a time said to Si, I like meat with some chaw to it. . . . Mis' Sawyer don't put half enough vittles on her table. She thinks it scares folks; it don't me a mite.—it makes me's hungry as a wolf. When I set a table for comp'ny I pile on a hull lot, 'n' I find it kind o' discourages 'em. . . . Mis' Southwick's hevin' a reg'lar brash o' house-cleanin'. She's too p'ison neat for any earthly use, that woman is. She's fixed clam-shell borders roun all her garding beds, an' got enough left for a pile in one corner, where she's goin' to set her oleander keg. Then she's bought a haircloth chair and got a new three-ply carpet in her parlor, 'n' put the old one in the spare-room 'n' the back-entry. Her daughter 's down here from New Haven. She's married into one of the first families o' Connecticut, Lobelia has, 'n' she puts on a good many airs. She's rigged out her mother's parlor with lace curtains 'n' one thing 'n' 'other, 'n' wants it called the drawin'-room. 'Drawin'-room!' s' I to Si; 'what's it goin' to draw? Nothin' but flies, I guess likely!' . . . Mis' Pennell's got a new girl to help round the house,—one o' them pindlin' light-complected Smith girls, from the Swamp,—look's if they was nussed on bonny-clabber. She's so hombly I 'sh'd think 't would make her back ache to carry her head round. She ain't very smart, neither. Her mother sent word she'd pick up 'n' do better when she got her growth. That made Mis' Pennell hoppin' mad. She said she didn't cal'late to pay a girl three shillin's a week for growin'. Mis' Pennell's be'n feelin' consid'able slim, or she wouldn't 'a' hired help; it's just like pullin' teeth for Deacon Pennell to pay out money for anything like that. He watches every mouthful the girl puts into her mouth, 'n' it's made him 'bout down sick to see her fleshin' up on his vittles. . . . They say he has her put the mornin' coffee-groun's to dry on the winder-sill, 'n' then has 'em scalt over for dinner; but, there! I don' know's there's a mite o' truth in it, so I won't repeat it. They went to him to git a subscription for the new hearse the other day. Land sakes! we need one bad enough. I thought for sure, at the last funeral we had, that they'd never git Mis' Strout to the graveyard safe and sound. I kep' a-thinkin' all the way how she'd 'a' took on, if she'd be'n alive. She was the most timersome woman 't ever was. She was a Thomson, 'n' all the Thomsons was scairt at their own shaders. Ivory Strout rid right behind the hearse, 'n' he says his heart was in his mouth the hull durin' time for fear 't would break down. He didn't get much comfort out the occasion, I guess! Wa'n't he mad he hed to ride in the same buggy with his mother-in-law! The minister planned it all out, 'n' wrote down the order o' the mourners, 'n' passeled him out with old Mis' Thomson. I was stan'in' close by, 'n' I heard him say he s'posed he could go that way if he must, but t'would spile the hull thing for him! . . . Well, as I was sayin', the seleckmen want to Deacon Pennell to get a contribution towards buyin' the new hearse: an' do you know, he wouldn't give 'em a dollar; He told 'em he gave five dollars towards the other one twenty years ago, 'n' hadn't never got a cent's worth' o use out of it. That's Deacon Pennell all over! As Si says, if the grace o' God wa'n't given to all of us without money 'n' without price, you wouldn't never hev ketched Deacon Pennell experiencin' religion! It's got to be a free gospel 'twould convict him o' sin, that's certain! . . . They say Seth Thatcher's married out in Iowy. His mother's tickled 'most to death. She heerd he was settin' up with a girl out there, 'n' she was scairt to death for fear he'd get served as Lemuel 'n' Cyrus was. The Thatcher boys never hed any luck gettin' married 'n' they always took disappointments in love turrible hard. You know Cyrus set in that front winder o' Mis' Thatcher's 'n' rocked back 'n' forth for ten years, till he wore out five cane-bottomed cheers, 'n' then rocked clean through, down cellar, all on account o' Crany Ann Sweat. Well, I hope she got her comeuppance in another world,—she never did in this; she married well 'n' lived in Boston. . . . Mis' Thatcher hopes Seth 'll come home to live. She's dretful lonesome in that big house, all alone. She'd oughter have somebody for a company-keeper. She can't see nothin' but trees 'n' cows from her winders. . . . Beats all, the places they used to put houses. . . . Either they'd get 'em right under foot so 't you'd most tread on 'em when you walked along the road, or else they'd set 'em clean back in a lane, where the women folks couldn't see face o' day week in 'n' week out. . . .

"Joel Whitten's widder's just drawed his pension along o' his bein' in the war o' 1812. . . . It's took 'em all these years to fix it. . . . Massy sakes! don't some folks have their luck buttered in this world? . . . She was his fourth wife, 'n' she never lived with him but thirteen days 'fore he up 'n' died. . . . It does seem 's if the guv'ment might look after things a little mite closer. . . . Talk about Joel Whitten's bein' in the war o' 1812! Everybody knows Joel Whitten wouldn't have fit a skeeter! He never got any further 'n Scratch Corner, any way, 'n' there he clim a tree or hid behind a hen-coop somewheres till the regiment got out o' sight. . . . Yes: one, two, three, four,—Huldy was his fourth wife. His first was a Hogg, from Hoggses Mills. The second was Dorcas Doolittle, aunt to Jabe Slocum; she didn't know enough to make soap, Dorcas didn't. . . . Then there was Delia Weeks, from the lower corner. . . . She didn't live long. . . . There was somethin' wrong with Delia. . . . She was one o' the thin-blooded, white-livered kind. . . . You couldn't get her warm, no matter how hard you tried. . . . She'd set over a roarin' fire in the cook-stove even in the prickliest o' the dog-days. . . . The mill-folks used to say the Whittens burnt more cut-roun's 'n' stickens 'n any three fam'lies in the village. . . . Well, after Delia died, then come Huldy's turn, 'n' it's she, after all, that's drawed the pension. . . . Huldy took Joel's death consid'able hard, but I guess she'll perk up, now she's came in't this money. . . . She's awful leaky-minded, Huldy is, but she's got tender feelin's. . . . One day she happened in at noon-time, 'n' set down to the table with Si 'n' I. . . . All of a suddent she burst right out cryin' when Si was offerin' her a piece o' tripe, 'n' then it come out that she couldn't never bear the sight o' tripe, it reminded her so of Joel! It seems tripe was a favorite dish 'o Joel's. All his wives cooked it first-rate. . . . Jabe Slocum seems to get consid'able store by them children, don't he? . . . I guess he'll never ketch up with his work, now he's got them hangin' to his heels. . . . He does beat all for slowness! Slocum's a good name for him, that's certain. An' 's if that wa'n't enough, his mother was a Stillwell, 'n' her mother was a Doolittle! . . . The Doolittles was the slowest fam'ly in Lincoln County. (Thank you, I'm well helped, Samanthy.) Old Cyrus Doolittle was slower 'n a toad funeral. He was a carpenter by trade, 'n' he was twenty-five years buildin' his house; 'n' it warn't no great, either. . . . The stagin' was up ten or fifteen years, 'n' he shingled it four or five times before he got roun', for one patch o' shingles used to wear out 'fore he got the next patch on. He 'n' Mis' Doolittle lived in two rooms in the L. There was elegant banisters, but no stairs to 'em, 'n' no entry floors. There was a tip-top cellar, but there wa'n't no way a gittin' down to it, 'n' there wa'n't no conductors to the cisterns. There was only one door panel painted in the parlor. Land sakes! the neighbors used to happen in 'bout every week for years 'n' years, hopin' he'd get another one finished up, but he never did,—not to my knowlege. . . . Why it's the gospel truth that when Mis' Doolittle died he had to have her enbalmed, so 't he could git the front door hung for the fun'ral! (No more tea, I thank you; my cup aint out.) . . . Speakin' o' slow folks, Elder Banks tells an awful good story 'bout Jabe Slocum. . . . There's another man down to Edgewood, Aaron Peek by name, that's 'bout as lazy as Jabe. An' one day, when the loafers roun' the store was talkin' 'bout 'em, all of a suddent they see the two of 'em startin' to come down Marm Berry's hill, right in plain sight of the store. . . . Well, one o' the Edgewood boys bate one 'o the Pleasant River boys that they could tell which one of 'em was the laziest by the way they come down that hill. . . . So they all watched, 'n' bime by, when Jabe was most down to the bottom of the hill, they was struck all of a heap to see him break into a kind of a jog trot 'n' run down the balance o' the way. Well, then, they fell to quarrelin'; for o' course the Pleasant River folks said Aaron Peek was the laziest, 'n' the Edgewood boys declared he hedn't got no such record for laziness 's Jabe Slocum hed; an' when they was explainin' of it, one way 'n' 'nother, Elder Banks come along, 'n' they asked him to be the judge. When he heerd tell how 't was, he said he agreed with the Edgewood folks that Jabe was lazier 'n Aaron. 'Well, I snum, I don't see how you make that out,' says the Pleasant River boys; 'for Aaron walked down, 'n' Jabe run a piece o' the way.' 'If Jabe Slocum run,' says the elder, as impressive as if he was preachin', —'if Jabe Slocum ever run, then 't was because he was too doggoned lazy to hold back!' an' that settled it! . . . (No, I couldn't eat another mossel, Miss Cummins. I've made out a splendid supper.) . . . You can't git such pie 'n' doughnuts anywhere else in the village, 'n' what I say I mean. . . . Do you make your riz doughnuts with emptin's? I want to know! Si says there's more faculty in cookin' flour food than there is in meat-victuals, 'n' I guess he's 'bout right."

. . . . . .

It was bedtime, and Timothy was in his little room carrying on the most elaborate and complicated plots for reading the future. It must be known that Jabe Slocum was as full of signs as a Farmer's Almanac, and he had given Timothy more than one formula for attaining his secret desires,—old, well-worn recipes for luck, which had been tried for generations in Pleasant River, and which were absolutely "certain" in their results. The favorites were:—

"Star bright, star light,
First star I've seen to-night,
Wish I may, wish I might,
Get the wish I wish to-night;"

and one still more impressive:—

"Four posts upon my bed,
Four corners overhead;
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed I lay upon.
Matthew, John, Luke, and Mark,
Grant my wish and keep it dark."

These rhymes had been chanted with great solemnity, and Timothy sat by the open window in the sweet darkness of the summer night, wishing that he and Gay might stay forever in this sheltered spot. "I'll make a sign of my very own," he thought. "I'll get Gay's ankle-tie, and put it on the window-sill, with the toe pointing out. Then I'll wish that if we are going to stay at the White farm, the angels will turn it around, 'toe in' to the room, for a sign to me; and if we've got to go, I'll wish they may leave it the other way; and, oh dear, but I'm glad it's so little and easy to move; and then I'll say Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, four times over, without stopping, as Jabe told me to, and then see how it turns out in the morning." . . .

But the incantation was more soothing than the breath of Miss Vilda's scarlet poppies, and before the magical verse had fallen upon the drowsy air for the third time, Timothy was fast asleep, with a smile of hope on his parted lips.

There was a sweet summer shower in the night. The soft breezes, fresh from shaded dells and nooks of fern, fragrant with the odor of pine and vine and wet wood-violets, blew over the thirsty meadows and golden stubble-fields, and brought an hour of gentle rain.

It sounded a merry tintinnabulation on Samantha's milk-pans, wafted the scent of dripping honeysuckle into the farmhouse windows, and drenched the night-caps in which prudent farmers had dressed their haycocks.

Next morning, the green world stood on tiptoe to welcome the victorious sun, and every little leaf shone as a child's eyes might shine at the remembrance of a joy just past.

A meadow lark perched on a swaying apple-branch above Martha's grave, and poured out his soul in grateful melody; and Timothy, wakened by Nature'd sweet good-morning, leaped from the too fond embrace of Miss Vilda's feather-bed. . . . And lo, a miracle! . . . The wood-bine clung close to the wall beneath his window. It was tipped with strong young shoots reaching out their innocent hands to cling to any support that offered; and one baby tendril that seemed to have grown in a single night, so delicate it was, had somehow been blown by the sweet night wind from its drooping place on the parent vine, and, falling on the window-sill, had curled lovingly round Gay's fairy shoe, and held it fast!

(To be Continued.)

A USEFUL DOG.

One of the most useful small terriers we have heard of is one which helps an English electric light company to carry wires through the pipes laid underground. The terrier has been so trained that when a light cord is attached to him he runs through the conduit from one man-hole to the next, dragging the cord with him. After each performance he is treated to some favorite morsel, and he has thus come to consider his work a pleasure.

COLUMBUS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Four hundred years ago, boys,
  There were no palace-cars,
No telescope to peer within
  The open doors of Mars,
No steamers rushing o'er the deep,
  Like planets cleaving space;
Four hundred years ago the world
  Was but a little place.

Four hundred years ago, boys,
  A brave, keen-sighted man
Said, "Bet him find who most shall dare,
  And let him keep who can!"
Then stepping on his "Pinta's" deck, —
  He faced the seas unknown,
And boldly turned his vessel's prow
  To seek another zone.

For four hundred years ago, boys,
  There were no schools like ours,
Where rank on rank of children
  Grow as summer flowers.
The continent untrodden
  So richly teeming now,
Lay like the Sleeping Beauty, till
  She felt Columbus' prow.

Four hundred years ago, boys,
  There were no easy ways
Of fighting or of learning,
  Or yet of winning praise.
The world was for the soldier,
  The world was for the brave,
When great Columbus launched his fleet,
  To cross the Western wave.

Four hundred years ago, boys,
  What prophet's eye could see
The wondrous things revealed to-day
  To folks like you and me?
What ear could hear the music
  Of voices miles away,
As you and I may listen
  To music any day?

The dear old earth, our mother,
  Has learned no end of lore
Since the sturdy old Columbus
  Across the ocean bore.
All honor to the Genoese
  In fourteen ninety-two,
Four centuries ago, my boys,
  Who pattern set for you!

—*Harper's Young People.*

TIMOTHY'S QUEST.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

SCENE XI.

The Honeysuckle Porch.

MISS VILDA DECIDES THAT TWO IS ONE TOO MANY, AND TIMOTHY BREAKS A HUMMING-BIRD'S EGG.

It was a drowsy afternoon. The grasshoppers chirped lazily in the warm grasses, and the toads blinked sleepily under the shadows of the steps, scarcely snapping at the flies as they danced by on silver wings. Down in the old garden the still pools, in which the laughing brook rested itself here and there, shone like glass under the strong beams of the sun, and the baby horned-pouts rustled their whiskers drowsily and scarcely stirred the water as they glided slowly through its crystal depths.

The air was fragrant with the odor of new-mown grass and the breath of wild strawberries that had fallen under the sickle, to make the sweet hay sweeter with their crimson juices. The whirr of the scythes and the clatter of the mowing machine came from the distant meadows. Field mice and ground sparrows were aware that it probably was all up with their little summer residences, for haying time was at its height, and the Giant, mounted on the Avenging Chariot, would speedily make his appearance, and buttercups and daisies, tufted grasses and blossoming weeds, must all bow their heads before him, and if there was anything more valuable hidden at their roots, so much the worse!

And if a bird or a mouse had been especially far-sighted and had located his family near a stump fence on a particularly uneven bit of ground, why there was always a walking Giant going about the edges with a gleaming scythe, so that it was no wonder, when reflecting on these matters after a day's palpitation, that the little denizens of the fields thought it very natural that there should be Nihilists and Socialists in the world, plotting to overturn monopolies and other gigantic schemes for crushing the people.

Rags enjoyed the excitement of haying immensely. But then, his life was one long holiday now anyway, and the close quarters, scanty fare, and wearisome monotony of Minerva Court only visited his memory dimly when he was suffering the pangs of indigestion. For in the first few weeks of his life at the White Farm, before his appetite was satiated, he was wont to eat all the white cat's food as well as his own; and as this highway robbery took place in the retirement of the shed, where Samantha Ann always swept them for their meals, no human being was any the wiser, and only the angels saw the white cat getting whiter and whiter and thinner and thinner, while every day Rags grew more corpulent and aldermanic in his figure. But as his stomach was more favorably located than an alderman's, he could still see the surrounding country, and he had the further advantage of possessing four legs (instead of two) to carry it about.

Timothy was happy, too, for he was a dreamer, and this quiet life harmonized well with the airy fabric of his dreams. He loved every stick and stone about the old homestead already, because the place had brought him the only glimpse of freedom and joy that he could remember in these last bare and anxious years; and if there were other and brighter years, far far back in the misty gardens of the past, they only yielded him a secret sense of "having been," a memory that could never be captured and put into words.

Each morning he woke fearing to find his present life a vision, and each morning he gazed with unspeakable gladness at the sweet reality that stretched itself before his eyes as he stood for a moment at his little window above the honeysuckle porch.

There were the cucumber frames (he had helped Jabe to make them); the old summer house in the garden (he had held the basket of nails and handed Jabe the tools when he patched the roof); the little workshop where Samantha potted her tomato plants (and he had been allowed to water them twice, with fingers trembling at the thought of too little or too much for the tender things); and the grindstone where Jabe ground the scythes and told him stories as he sat and turned the wheel, while Gay sat beside them making dandelion chains. Yes, it was all there, and he was a part of it.

Timothy had all the poet's faculty of interpreting the secrets that are hidden in every-day things, and when he lay prone on the warm earth in the cornfield, deep among the "varnished crispness of the jointed stalks," the rustling of the green things growing sent thrills of joy along the sensitive currents of his being. He was busy in his room this afternoon putting little partitions in some cigar boxes, where, very soon, two or three dozen birds' eggs were to repose in fleece-lined nooks: for Jabe Slocum's collection of three summers (every egg acquired in the most honorable manner, as he explained), had all passed into Timothy's hands that very day, in consideration of various services well and conscientiously performed. What a delight it was to handle the precious bits of things, like porcelain in their daintiness! — to sort out the tender blue of the robin, the speckled beauty of the sparrow; to put the pee-wee's and the thrush's each in its place, with a swift throb of regret that there would have been another little soft throat bursting with a song, if some one had not taken this pretty egg. And there was, over and above all, the never ending marvel of the one hummingbird's egg that lay like a pearl in Timothy's slender brown hand. Too tiny to be stroked like the others, only big enough to be stealthily kissed. So tiny that he must get out of bed two or three times in the night to see if it is safe. So tiny that he has horrible fears lest it should slip out or be stolen, and so he must take the box to the window and let the moonlight shine upon the fleecy cotton, and find that it is still there, and cover it safely over again and creep back to bed, wishing that he might see a "thumb's bigness of burnished plumage" sheltering it with her speck of a breast. Ah! to have a little humming-bird's egg to love, and to feel that it was his very own, was something to Timothy, as it is to all starved human hearts full of love that can find no outlet.

Miss Vilda was knitting, and Samantha was shelling peas, on the honeysuckle porch. It had been several days since Miss Cummins had gone to the city, and had come back no wiser than she went, save that she had made a somewhat exhaustive study of the slums, and had acquired a more intimate knowlege of the ways of the world than she had ever possessed before. She had found Minerva Court, and designated it on her return as a "sink of iniquity," to which Afric's sunny fountains, India's coral strand, and other tropical localities frequented by missionaries were virtuous in comparison.

"For you don't expect anything of black heathens," said she; "but there ain't any question in my mind about the accountability of folks livin' in a Christian country, where you can wear clothes and set up to an air-tight stove and be comfortable, to say nothin' of meetin'-houses every mile or two, and Bible Societies and Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, and the gospel free to all with the exception of pew rents and contribution boxes, and those omitted when it's necessary."

She affirmed that the ladies and gentlemen whose acquaintance she had made in Minerva Court were, without exception, a "mess of malefactors," whose only good point was that, lacking all human qualities, they didn't care who she was, nor where she came from, nor what she came for; so that as a matter of fact she had escaped without so much as leaving her name and place of residence. She learned that Mrs. Nancy Simmons had sought pastures new in Montana; that Miss Ethel Montmorency still resided in the metropolis, but did not choose to disclose her modest dwelling-place to the casual inquiring female from the rural districts; that a couple of children had disappeared from Minerva Court, if they remembered rightly, but that there was no disturbance made about the matter as it saved several people much trouble; that Mrs. Morrison had had no relations, though she possessed a large circle of admiring friends; that none of the admiring friends had called since her death or asked about the children; and finally that Number 3 had been turned into a saloon, and she was welcome to go in and slake her thirst for information with something more satisfactory that she could get outside.

The trip was a fruitless one, and the mystery that enshrouded Timothy and Lady Gay was as impenetrable as ever.

"I wish I'd 'a' gone to the city with you," remarked Samatha. "Not that I could 'a' found out anything more 'n you did, for I guess there ain't anybody thereabouts that knows more 'n we do, and anybody 't wants the children won't be troubled with the relation. But I'd like to give them bold-faced jigs 'n' hussies a good piece o' my mind for once! I declare I don' know what our Home Missionary Societies 's doin' not to regenerate them places or exterminate 'em, one or 't other. Somehow our religion don't take holt as it ought to. It takes a burnin' zeal to clean out them slum places, and burnin' zeal ain't the style nowadays. As my father used to say, 'Religion 's putty much like fish 'n' pertetters; if its hot it's good, 'n' if it's cold 'taint't wuth a' — well, a short word come in there, but I won't say it. Speakin' o' religion, I never had any experience in teachin' but I didn't s'pose there was any knack 'bout teachin' religion, same as there is 'bout teachin' readin' 'n' 'rithmetic, but I had hard work makin' Timothy understand that catechism you give him to learn the other Sunday. He was all upsot with doctrine when he came to say his lesson. Now you can't scare some children with doctrine, no matter how hot you make it, or mebbe they don't more 'n half believe it; but Timothy's an awful sensitive creeter, 'n' when he came to that answer to the question 'What are you then by nature? An enemy to God, a child of Satan, and an heir of hell,' he hid his head on my shoulder and bust out cryin'. 'How many Gods is there?' s' e, after a spell. 'Land!' thinks I, 'I knew he was a heathen, but if he turns out to be an idolater, what ever shall I do with him!' 'Why, where 've yer ben fetched up?' s' I, 'There's only one God, the High and mighty Ruler of the Univarse,' s' I. 'Well,' s' e', 'there must be more 'n one, for the God in this lesson isn't like the one in Miss Dora's book at all!' Land sakes! I don't want to teach catechism agin in a hurry, not tell I've had a little spiritual instruction from the minister. The fact is, Vildy, that our b'liefs, when they're picked out o' the Bible and set down square and solid 'thout any softening down 'n' explainin' that they ain't so bad as they sound, is too strong meat for babes. Now I'm Orthodox to the core" (here she lowered her voice as if there might be a stray deacon in the garden). "but 'pears to me if I was makin' out lessons for young ones I wouldn't fill 'em so plumb full o' brimstun. Let 'em do a little suthin' to deserve it 'fore you scare 'em to death, say I."

"Jabe explained it all out to him after supper. It beats all how he gets on with children.

"I'd rather hear how he explained it, answered Samantha sarcastically. "He's great on expoundin' the Scriptors jest now. Well, I hope it 'll last. 'Land sakes! you'd think nobody ever experienced religion afore, he's so set up 'bout it. You'd s'pose he kep the latch-key o' the heavenly mansions right in his vest pocket, to hear him go on. He couldn't be no more stuck up 'bout it if he'd ben one o' the two brothers that come over in three ships!"

"There goes Elder Nichols," said Miss Vilda. "Now there's a plan we hadn't thought of. We might take the children over to Purity Village. I think likely the Shakers would take 'em. They like to get young folks and break 'em into their doctrines."

(To be Continued.)

HOW BERTHA DID IT.

"Five lovely white kittens, and mamma says they must all be drowned!"

Bertha cried about it; the twins, Cora and Clarence, cried too; Walter looked gloomy; and little Jamie wiped his eyes on his pinafore. "Why? Why? Why?" wailed the chorus.

"Because," said mamma, firmly, "it is the most merciful thing to do. We can't keep five cats, and I'm sure you don't wish to give up old Tabby, even for one of her kittens. It is better to drown them while they are little than to send them away to be starved or neglected."

"Wait till they get just a little bigger, and let me try to find homes for them," begged Bertha.

"Well, you may try," said mamma.

So after a few weeks Bertha wrote five little notes. This is what each one said:

"I am a poor little homeless kitten. Please give me a morsel of milk and a corner of the hearth to sleep."

One note was signed "Snow;" one "Snow-flake;" one "Snow White;" one "Snowdrop;" and one "Snowball."

"People will know that's each one's name," said Bertha.

Then she tied a note around each kitten's neck with a pretty ribbon. One day Bertha took a walk, with the five kittens in a basket, and when she came back the basket was empty.

"I left Snow at old Mrs. Gray's," she said. "Old Mr. and Mrs. Gray have nothing to amuse them, so I guess they will keep Snow. I took Snow-flake to Mrs. King's door. Jimmie King is lame, and I'm sure he will be glad to see Snow-flake. I put Snowdrop into Miss Spinster's window. It was open. There isn't a soul in the house besides her, and Snowdrop'll be splendid company. I left Snowball in the yard of the house where the two pairs of twins live at the end of the road. If they only won't pull her tail! Then I stopped at Aunt Susie's for a drink of water. And I told her all about it, and she laughed, and said she'd keep Snowball herself. Snowball's the prettiest."

And, strange to say, the kittens really did find a welcome and a good home just where Bertha's loving hands had left them.

—*Harper's Young People.*

IF I CANNOT REALIZE my ideal, I can at least idealize my real. If I am but a raindrop in a shower, I will at least be a perfect drop; if but a leaf in a whole June, I will at least be a perfect leaf.—*W. C. Gannett.*

IF I HAVE FAITH in Christ, I shall love him; and if I love him, I shall keep his commandments. If I do not keep his commandments, I do not love him; and if I do not love him, I do not believe in him.

THE BIDEL MENAGERIE.

Mr. Alexandre, a skilful operator of Brussels, says *La Nature*, has taken a series of photographs representing the animals that compose the celebrated menagerie of Bidel, the tamer, who has recently obtained the greatest success at the representations given by him at the capital of Belgium. Mr. Alexandre has sent us the photographs that he has taken, and the specimens given here will show our readers that they are worthy of being reproduced.

First we have Bengali, a royal tiger, the finest in the menagerie. He was captured in 1880, in Cochin China, where the species is quite widely distributed, without, however, being as common as in Bengal. Next we have Sultan, a black maned lion of the Atlas mountains, Africa. He was born in 1872, and was captured in a trap in 1876. When he reached Lyons he was the cause of a terrible accident, an account of which we reproduce from the *Salut Public*:

A sad accident, caused by the inconceivable imprudence of the person who was the victim of it, occurred at the Vaise Station, at Lyons. On the first of September, 1876, Mr. Bidel, proprietor of the great menagerie installed upon the Perrache, received from Africa a magnificent lion, which had been very recently captured in the deserts of Central Africa. This animal, confined in a strong barred cage, had been placed in a special car, with the following inscription: "Ferocious animal; lion; one is forbidden to open."

A drover of beeves named Vicard, in the absence of the conductor, opened the car, switched off into one of the annexes of Vaise Station, and held out a piece of bread to the lion. Naturally, the animal, being carnivorous, did nor care for it, and only exhibited the appearance of being disturbed. Emboldened by this apparent somnolence, our man passed his arm through the bars of the cage, in order to pat the lion's head. The animal uttered a roar and seized the arm of the imprudent fellow with his mouth and paws. In a minute Vicard's arm was crushed by the powerful jaws of the beast, from the wrist to the shoulder. The men of the gang, running forward armed with iron bars and wooden stakes, were unable to make the furious animal let go his hold, and he kept half of the arm of the unfortunate man between his jaws. Vicard died in consequence of his injuries.

On the day following the accident Mr. Bidel gave a representation for the benefit of the widow and her child, and worked the terrible beast, which continues to have an ever increasing success.

Fig. 3 from a beautiful instantaneous photograph, represents Bidel, the tamer, entering the cage of another lion, Pacha, a magnificent specimen of the leonine race of the Atlas, captured in 1887.

The Bidel Menagerie, which exhibited at Brussels, and a few days afterward at Lille, comprises also the following animals: Nero, a superb lion from the Cape of Good Hope, captured in 1871; three panthers from the Indies; a leopard, native of Asia, captured in 1869; a Persian leopard; three superb lions, recently captured at the Cape of Good Hope; three royal Bengal tigers; two white polar bears; a black Russian bear; and hyenas, wolves, monkeys, etc.

This exhibition is very remarkable, and tends to develop a taste for the natural sciences, and zoology especially, among the numerous people who visit it.

Mr. Bidel's entire existence is devoted to the collection of rare animals and the exhibition of them at fairs in most of the cities of France, Italy, and Spain. The celebrated tamer avers that he has no special process for training ferocious animals. "It simply requires," says he, "great energy and much will and courage."

Bidel has, without any preliminary preparation, several times entered cages containing tigers, the most formidable of ferocious animals. He unhesitatingly presents himself to them, a whip in hand, looks at them fixedly, and does not fear to strike them if they make a threatening movement. Despite such courage and boldness, he has, nevertheless, been wounded by his animals, and sometimes quite severely.

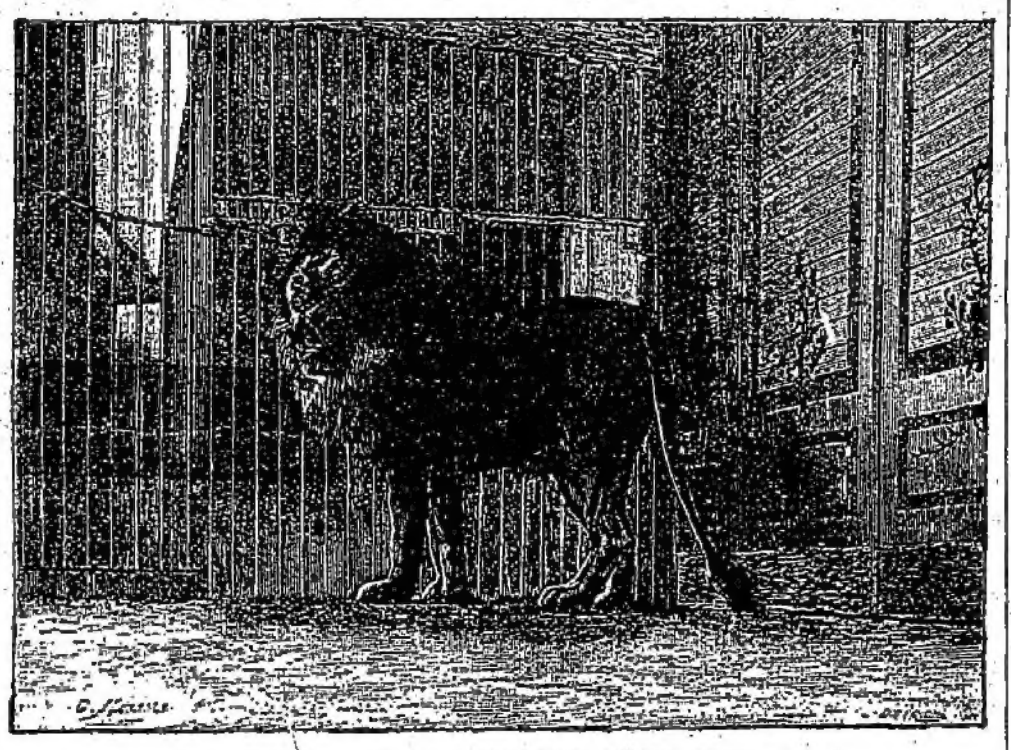
Everybody remembers that in the month of July, 1886, at the Neuilly fair, a lion lacerated all of one side of his throat. The celebrated artist Edward Detaille was among the spectators of this dramatic scene, and made a sketch of it.

Some years ago, Pezon, a well known rival of Bidel, came near being devoured by one of his bears at a fair at Chalons-sur-Marne.

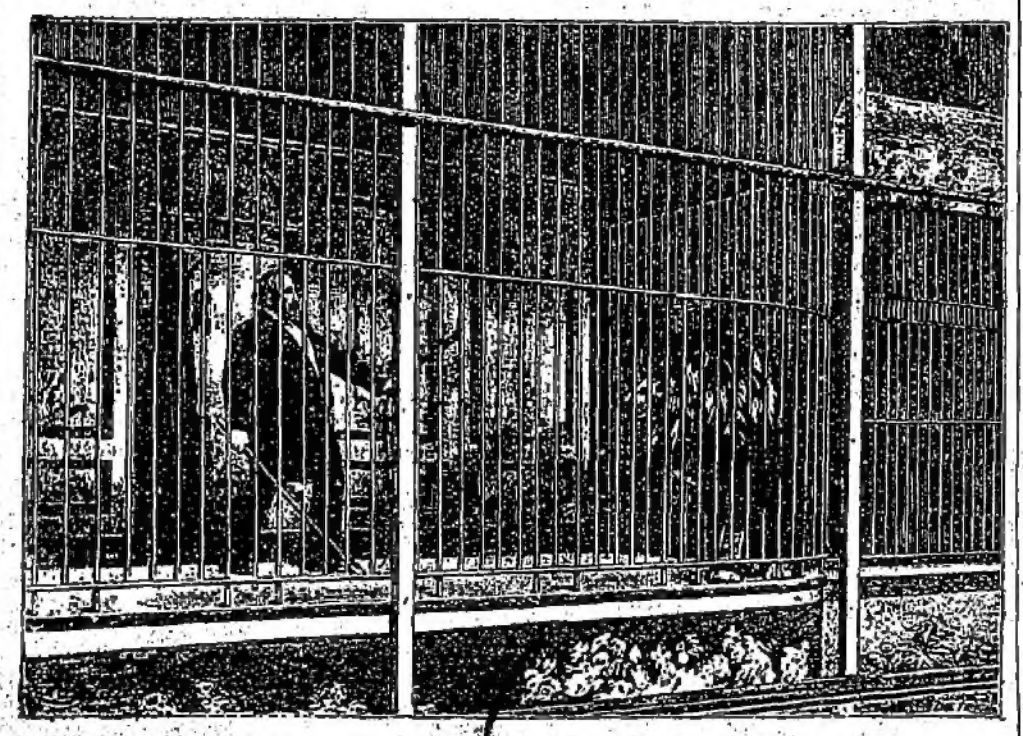
One hears sometimes narrated the story of the tamer who, having discharged his valet, took a willing man, whom he put in charge of the cage cleaning. The next day our tamer was much surprised to see his new servant in the lion's cage, quietly sweeping the floor with big licks of the broom between the animal's paws. The anecdote is more amusing than veracious.

The keepers of the wild animals in the menageries of our museums never enter the lions' cages, even when these animals have for a long time been accustomed to their prison life.

BENGALI, A ROYAL TIGER OF THE BIDEL MENAGERIE.



SULTAN, A BLACK MANED LION OF THE ATLAS.



BIDEL IN THE CAGE OF ONE OF HIS LIONS.

THE QUICKEST WAY to become convinced that there is a devil is to try to live a Christian.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The publishers of the *Messenger* are very much obliged to the friends all over the country for their cordial and unasked for words of appreciation. Here is a sample of many letters received during the past month, from Sunday-school superintendents and others:—

"Out of the large number of samples of S.S. papers which we have had sent to us, we consider the *Northern Messenger* by far the best, as it has the most reading matter of any paper for the price and the reading is all good."

This letter was accompanied with a list of ten names for the *Northern Messenger*:—

DEAR SIRS,—Please find enclosed $3,00 cash amount of subscription for *Northern Messenger*. Please send "Black Ivory" No. 100 of Ballantyne's Stories, and for balance of names send two of Pansy Books, No. 86, "Mrs. Solomon Smith Looking on" and No. 19, "The Man of the House." I hope to get more names next year.

I am twelve years of age, the eldest of seven boys. Our baby is four months old, and his name is John Dougall.

I wish you all a Happy New Year.

ROY SPENCER.

The Story Competition is full of promise. We hope to be able to announce results before long.

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